

THE POLYNESIAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT HONOLULU, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

[NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—No. 37.]

COMMUNICATED.

FROM OUR AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

NUMBER 7.

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1844.

Dear Sir,—I am here on business, and therefore address you from this place, as I learn that a vessel sails in a few days from Boston for Honolulu. I presume by this time you are wielding once more the quill potential in the editorial chair. We are all curious to learn what will be the final result of all the doings and undoings that have taken place in your Lilliputian kingdom, and its many friends will look for information through your columns, which I know will receive an extensive circulation in this country. Independently of the extensive business intercourse between your islands and this country, through the whalers and others, there is a deep-felt sympathy for its welfare; and Kauikeouli and his council have warm friends this way, who will exert themselves at all times when necessary to sustain his infant monarchy. They view his success as the solution of an interesting moral problem. The plan of employing able white officers in the various departments which come more in contact with the foreign population, is an excellent one, but will it not excite the jealousy of other powers, should they be filled too exclusively by Americans? The king must beware of that, for it is important for him in his delicate situation to be strictly impartial and to treat all nations justly and equitably. But I presume he has good advice on that head. As to home matters, business is exceedingly prosperous and conducted on a more secure basis than formerly—a reformed system of credit and small profits. I have nothing favorable to write you in regard to literature. The cheap publications have swamped the old book system and have ended by swamping themselves. Books are so cheap now-a-days that people do not think them worth buying. No doubt good will come of it hereafter,—but just now, while the grass is growing, the horses, (that is, the unhappy literary hacks,) are starving. In politics, too, there is great confusion. Mr. Tyler, with his Texas hobby, has broken the ranks of both the regular parties,—and that with no particular benefit to himself, so far as I can see. The whigs, however, are the most united, and as I have never been able to convert you to the sublime democratic faith, (which you call loco-focoism,) I suppose you will be glad to learn that Mr. Clay is generally thought to be a few inches nearer to the presidential chair than any of the other competitors in the race. But what will give you more particular pleasure, is, (and I have it on very good authority,) that whoever succeeds to the office, will make a speedy reform in not a few of the appointments which have done so little credit both at home and abroad to Mr. Tyler's administration. But more on that subject hereafter.

The big books of the explorers advance but slowly. Dr. Pickering still continues in Europe, the remainder are busy in their several duties at home. Wilkes' Narrative is nearly or quite concluded, and will make its bow to the public as soon as it is dressed to the commander's satisfaction.

We have had of late, a succession of lamentable occurrences. First a very bad duel at Washington, in which a brother of Lieut. May of the Navy, killed another young man, a former friend of his. Then the sad affair of the Princeton. Next a collision of the cars of the Wilmington railway, killing and wounding several; and at

this moment there is raging in this city misnamed Philadelphia, the worst riot that has ever occurred in our country, coming very near to a civil war. Twenty persons have been shot, nearly a hundred houses with three churches burnt, and the authorities are unable to quell the disorder. The difficulty is between the native American party and the Irish. But you will see the particulars in the papers.

Our Duponceau is dead, a great loss to science, as he was busy almost to the last moment, and his faculties were as clear as ever, notwithstanding his advanced age, eighty-three.

Yours, WAKEBY.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The following emphatic article, from the Buffalo Advertiser, expresses the feeling of just indignation with which the attempt to annex Texas was received by a large portion of the citizens of the United States.

"Look at the facts as they are. Texas wrested from Mexico, a power with which we were professedly holding the most friendly relations, by American citizens, with the connivance if not the support of our government. It has since been the refuge and sanctuary of rogues and scoundrels of every degree, the Alsatia of the earth. Its proposition to be annexed was contemptuously spurned in 1837; yet to the government of such a country, our government goes cap in hand, begging and entreating that it will consent to be annexed to the United States for no other reason than that it will extend and deepen that foul damning spot upon our national escutcheon, negro slavery. And as if this were not enough, it is provided in the treaty that the United States shall assume the infamy, from which even Texas shrinks, of repudiating her public debt. This is the whole of the treaty.

The solemn faith of the nation is to be violated, the hazards of war are to be encountered, the national honor is to be trampled under foot, for no other reason than that negro slavery may be perpetuated for all time to come. We find no sneaking drivelling, such as is put forth by the administration organs at the north, that it will eventually result in the extinction of slavery. The contrary is boldly and shamefully avowed.

We do not wonder, as is asserted by the N. Y. American to be the fact, that senators were moved to such indignation at the perusal of the disgusting details and revolting avowal of principles which the correspondence contains, as to dash the documents on the floor and trample them under foot. The whole matter is hideous—damning—a stain upon the American name, which even its certain rejection by the Senate will not eradicate."

PROGRESS OF POPULATION ON THE GLOBE.—All persons are now familiar with the rapid growth of the United States. Many, however, suppose that the increase of population is confined to this country, and that the rest of the world is stationary. Comparatively, the growth of the United States is far the most rapid. But it is a general fact of vast importance, that all the world is now growing most rapidly in population, commerce and the arts. This is the effect of a universal peace, and should it continue a century, will produce a state of things wonderfully different from what the world has ever before seen. The tables below will show that the whole population of the globe will about double within a hundred years.

Statistical tables are now pretty accurately kept in Europe and the United States. The decennial increase in the several countries may be stated as follows:

United States, - - -	33 per cent.
Great Britain, - - -	15 "
Russia, - - - - -	15 "
Prussia, - - - - -	10 "
Austria, - - - - -	8 "
France, - - - - -	5 "

At these rates, the United States double in 24 years; Great Britain in 50; Russia in 50; Prussia in 80; Austria in 90; and France in 150.

In Asia it might be supposed to be otherwise, but there is reason to believe that even there the progress of human life continues unimpeded. The first statements of Chinese population were disbelieved; but the most

recent and best accounts confirm them, and also give grounds to suppose that a very large part of the immense population of China has been the increase of the last century.

The general analysis of all facts now known on the physical condition of society will show that the population of the earth is rapidly increasing, and that, as a consequence, its production is also. On the supposition that peace is to be continued, these facts must produce overwhelming effects on the political economy, finances, and social condition of nations.

The immense emigration which is annually going out of Europe to the U. States, Australasia, Asia and even India and Africa, are consequences of condensation of population in Europe. But we have reason to believe that emigration has long gone on to a considerable extent from China to the surrounding countries and islands, although the Chinese are a very stationary people in respect to habits and localities. If peace continues this emigration from all the very populous parts of the world to those that are less so, will continue; and what was a little while since regarded as the work of many ages, will speedily be accomplished—the renovation of Africa and the isles of the sea.—Cincinnati Chron.

MASSACRE OF SEAMEN.—The Post contains an extract of a letter from Capt. Cathcart, of ship Lydia, of Nantucket, dated Sept. 4, 1843, giving an account of the capture about eighteen months since of English whaling ship Harriet, of London, Capt. Charles Bunker, by the natives of Strong's Island in the Pacific, in Lat. 5°, 12 N., and Long. 162°, E. The crew were all massacred, and the ship burnt. The brig Waverly, Capt. Cathcart, of Wahoo, was also cut off at the same place, some eight or nine years ago.—American paper.

SELECTED.

EDITORIAL RECAPITULATIONS.

The following is extracted from D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature—American edition.

We have mentioned elsewhere the confessions of Rivington, editor of the Royal Gazette, in New-York. During the Revolution, the Vicars of Bray were frequently compelled to change their positions so suddenly as not to allow of the shows of "consistency" made by the politicians of our own time, and some of their bulletins are curious and amusing. Benjamin Towne became editor of the Pennsylvania Evening Post in 1775. He was a Whig until the British took possession of Philadelphia, when he excelled all the Tories in his loyalty to His Majesty's government. On the evacuation of the city, Towne remained, and assumed a second time the language of the Whig party. One day, soon after the meeting of Congress, he met the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon, in Aitkin's bookstore, and requested him to become a writer for his paper. The Doctor refused, unless Towne would first make his 'peaces with the country.' 'How shall I do it?' 'Why, write a piece, acknowledging your fault, professing repentance, and asking forgiveness.' 'But what shall I say?' Witherspoon gave some hints, upon which Towne said, 'Doctor, you write expeditiously, and to the purpose: I will thank you to write something for me, and I will publish it.' He assented, obtained paper and ink, and immediately wrote 'The Humble Confession, Recantation, and Apology of Benjamin Towne,' which was afterwards published as the genuine composition of the editor, and greatly increased his reputation as a writer. We give a few characteristic paragraphs from it:

"The following facts are well known—1st. That I, Benjamin Towne, used to print the Pennsylvania Evening Post, under the protection of Congress, and did frequently, and earnestly solicit sundry members of the said Congress for dissertation and articles of intelligence, professing myself to be a very firm and zealous friend to American Liberty. 2d. That on the English taking possession of Philadelphia, I turned fairly round, and printed my Evening Post under the protection of General Howe and his army, calling the Congress Raggamuffins, and several other unsavory names, with which the humane and Polite English are pleased to honor them—neither did I ever refuse to insert any dissertation however scurrilous,

or any article of intelligence sent to me, although many of them I well knew to be, as a certain gentleman elegantly expresses it, facts that never happened. 3d. That I am now willing and desirous to turn once more, to unsay all that I have last said, and to print and publish for the U. States of America, which are likely to be uppermost, against the British Tyrant; nor will I be backward in calling him, after the example of the great and eminent author of Common Sense, *The Royal Brute*, or giving him any other appellation still more opprobrious, if such can be found.

"The rational moralists of the last age used to tell us that there was an essential difference between virtue and vice, because there was an essential difference to be observed in the nature and reason of things. Now, with all due deference to these great men, I think I am as much of a Philosopher as to know that there are no circumstances of action more important than those of time and place; therefore, if a man pay no regard to the changes that may happen in these circumstances, there will be very little Virtue, and still less Prudence in his behavior.—Perhaps I have got rather too deep for common readers, and therefore shall ask any plain Quaker in this city, what he would say to a man who should wear the same coat in summer as in winter, in this climate? He would certainly say,—'Friend, thy wisdom is not great.' Now, whether I have not had as good reason to change my conduct as my coat, since last January, I leave to every impartial person to determine. 2dly, I do hereby declare and confess, that when I printed for Congress, and on the side of Liberty, it was not by any means from principle, or a desire that the cause of Liberty should prevail, but purely and simply from the love of gain. I could have made nothing but tar and feathers by printing against them as things then stood. I make this candid acknowledgment not only as a penitent to obtain pardon, but to show that there was more consistency in my conduct than my enemies are willing to allow. They are pleased to charge me with hypocrisy in pretending to be a Whig when I was none. This charge is false; I was neither Whig nor Tory, but a Printer. I detest and abhor hypocrisy. I had no more regard for General Howe or General Clinton, or even for Mrs. Lowring* or any other of the *Chaste Nymphs* that attended the *file Champetre*, alias Mischianza,† when I printed in their behalf, than for the Congress on the day of their retreat. It is pretended that I certainly did in my heart incline to the English, because that I printed much bigger lies and in greater number for them, than for the Congress. This is a most false and unjust insinuation. It was entirely the fault of the Congress themselves, who thought fit (being but a new potentate upon the earth) to be much more modest, and keep nearer the truth than their adversaries. Had any of them brought me in a lie as big as a mountain it should have issued from my press. This gives me an opportunity of showing the folly as well as malignity of those who are actuated by party spirit: many of them have affirmed that I printed monstrous and incredible lies for General Howe. Now, pray what harm could incredible lies do? The only hurt, I conceive, that any lie can do, is by obtaining belief, as a truth; but an incredible lie can obtain no belief, and therefore, at least, must be perfectly harmless. What will those cavillers think if I should turn this argument against them, and say that the most effectual way to disgrace any cause is to publish monstrous and incredible lies in its favor? In this view, I have not only innocence, but some degree of merit to plead. However, take it which way you will, there never was a lie published in Philadelphia that could bear the least comparison with those published by James Rivington, in New York. This, in my opinion, is to be imputed to the superiority not of the Printer, but of the Prompter or Prompters. I reckon Mr. T— to have excelled in that branch; and he had probably many coadjutors. What do you think of 40,000 Russians and 20,000 Moors, which Moors, too, were said by Mr. Rivington to be dreadful among the women? as also the boats building at the forks of the Monongahela to carry

* A married lady, said to have been the mistress of the British General, Howe.—See *Battle of the Clouds*.

† A public Exhibition in honor of the British General, Howe.